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DICK.

"Richard is himself again." Richard is our canary. We call him Dick for short. He has just got over moulting. He is just the gayest bird you ever saw. He came to us one bright afternoon, like Japhet in search of a father. He was a stranger and we took him in. Bought him a pretty wire house at the corner grocery, and a quantity of seed. He was so pleased with his new quarters that he didn't stop to be shy and timid, but hopped on the upper perch and poured forth the merriest and sweetest strains ever heard in our house. Miss Kellogg's voice was never more clear and silvery, "Just let me have this house rent free, and give me good store of seeds," said he, in his inimitable way, "and I'll furnish music for the family." He was as good as his word.

It was summer, and we hung him by the open window. How he *did* sing! All day long he was bubbling over with melody—like the boy at school, "it whistled itself." The mystery was, how he could do it—how such a tiny body could hold so many tunes. It seemed, sometimes, as if he would split his little throat, or perish in the attempt. Yet he has never had the bronchitis, to my knowledge. Perhaps it is because he uses the cold water application so freely. "He belongs to the 'Order of the Bath,'" Dick does. My wife slips the bathing-dish into his cage, first taking the precaution to spread a cloth upon the carpet. Dick understands it perfectly. From the upper perch he watches the preparations, cocking his head first on one side, then on the other, and uttering an approving peep from time to time.

When all is ready, in he goes. But not directly, if we are "noticing" him. He talks about it, in his jocular way; hops up and hops down,

"With many a flirt and flutter," sticking the feathers up "so cunning" on the

top of his head, and perking about those shining black beads of eyes in a hundred coquettish airs and graces. He enjoys conversation, and likes a good deal of attention; don't mind if I put my face up close to his face; yet fears a human hand as if it was the Hand of Providence, and seems instinctively to apprehend violence.

Stand back a little, and watch the performance. He hops upon the edge of the dish, takes a taste to see if the water is about the right temperature, then—no he don't. He is keeping a sharp lookout. You are not going to come up and hit him a rap over the head, on the sly, not if he knows himself. Pretty soon he hops in. It makes his legs cold, and he hops out again. Takes another look to see if the coast is clear, then goes in in earnest. First, he ducks his head, with a shake and a flirt; then squats his whole body into the water, and with his wings makes a prodigious flutter and spatter; and concludes by a final splash with his tail. Does it again—does it ever so many times; and comes out looking as if he had been on a bender, and got caught out in a rain storm. His soft, shiny, yellow coat is all drenched and dripping, his funny little top-knot is all ruffled.

Two or three shakes and a half hour of sunshine make that all right, and Dick is as handsome and merry as ever. A new concert commences immediately. He is both solo and chorus, and dashes off, *allegretto con spirito*, all the favorite airs of bird opera, with many a trill and flourish not down in the books.

Dick has one bad habit. He gets up too soon in the morning. He is emphatically an "early bird," though there are no worms to be caught. The sun has risen with great regularity for so many years, that I am quite willing to trust Old Sol to light up without giving the matter my personal attention. Not so with Dick. He is on a keen look-out for the first hint of daylight, and reports progress twenty times a minute, in his most gay and festive tones. The whole house rings with his melody. Talk about the "arms of Morpheus"—morphine could hardly sleep in such a jubilee. "Sing before breakfast, cry before supper," says the old adage. Wife didn't like so much singing before breakfast—it dis-

turbed her slumbers. She shut the blinds closely, and covered the cage with her apron. No use—he couldn't hold in. Then she put him in a dark closet. Must leave the door ajar, to give him air, you know. The little rascal stuck his bill to the crack of the door, threw his head back, and rattled away as loudly as ever. He was just gushing over with song. We had to let him gush.

One day my wife let him out in the room for exercise, and he happened to spy his reflection in the toilet glass. Dick bristled up instantly. So did the reflection. Giving a sharp cry of defiance, at him he went, pell-mell. It rather puzzled him, bringing up smack against the glass with a concussion that made us fear for the safety of the mirror, and landed him in great disorder upon the bureau. Promptly rallying his forces, he charged again and again, with great impetuosity. The one-sided combat was very amusing.

By and by, he saw the joke—he thought. Finding the other bird had just as good grit as he, Dick strove to cultivate his acquaintance. He would stand for the hour together in front of the glass, putting on his most seductive airs, chirping and twittering to the handsome stranger in his softest and sweetest tones. And, on the cage being removed, he would look and call for his lost companion for a long time, before resuming his musical practice. To this day, the easiest way to hush his singing is to set him in front of the glass.

Canary birds don't have the small-pox or the whooping-cough that I know of, though I did hear, once, of one that died of the measles. But they moult. That is the price they have to pay for a new suit of clothes. When they are moulting, they don't seem to feel well. Dick has had his experience. For six weeks he moped, and scarcely sung a note. Occasionally he would brighten up, and softly thank us for our tender care of him. Once in a while he would try to sing. He "done his level best," but the notes wouldn't come out clear and strong. His feathers came off like thistle down, at every feeble flutter. "One by one," his tail feathers dropped off, and Dick acted as if he was ashamed to be seen in such a plight.

Now he is all over it. As I remarked

the beginning, with striking originality, "Richard is himself again." His eyes sparkle with life and merriment; his voice is loud and clear, and tuned to concert pitch; his brand new yellow coat is soft and smooth, and fits him to a feather; his tail, like the tales in the *New York Ledger*, is destined "to be continued;" and he is so pert and frolicsome, so alert and cunning, and withal so joyful and happy continually, that we never tire of pesting him.

Look at him now, as he hangs among the branches of a geranium tree, fast asleep and all unconscious of this long rigmarole I have been writing about him. Dick asleep is not at all like Dick awake. Unlike most little people, he makes no fuss about going to bed. He just balances himself on one slender leg, takes his head off, and tucks it under his wing, and the thing is done. He is nothing now but a little yellow ball—yet we would hardly be willing to swap him for a lump of yellow gold.

CYPAX.

(For the Saturday Press.)

COMPLIMENTARY INSTANCES.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

I think it would be a good idea if somebody were to embody the "Art of Compliment," into a system of rules and examples, make a book of it, and sell it for the enlightenment of the uninstructed, the benefit of society, and a remunerative price per copy. The power of a compliment neatly turned and adroitly put is incalculable. It is a weapon which, skillfully used, can find the joints in any armor; and whether we wish to carry an important point, assuage a troublesome temper, or win way for the sunshine through any amount of cloud, compliment is the most efficacious instrument. When Louis XVIII. came into Paris, he made the people forget their defeats, their chagrin, their hatred of the Bourbons, their contempt of him, and even the ridicule of his unwieldy bulk, by a single mot: "Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." This was at once a neat compliment to the vainest people in the world, and a comfortable assurance to a community which had just cause for apprehension.

The French, and those who have studied under them, excel all other nations in the exercise of this graceful art. There is a

couplet of Béranger's which he wrote in a lady's album, and the airy courtesy and refinement of which I have never seen excelled:

"Vous vous vantez d'avoir mon age:
Sachez que l'Amour n'en exalte rien.
Jadis les amoureux, je sage,
Même votre fils le moins.
Au hasard alonges matrones
Faisant de moins de temps.
J'eus les hivers et les automnes,
Vous les été et les printemps."

Talleyrand, one day sitting between Mesdames de Staél and Recamier, was asked by the former which of the two he would first go to rescue, should both tumble into the river? Out of this embarrassing dilemma the ready Prince extricated himself by turning to de Staél, saying: "Madame, je crois que vous pouvez miser?" thus at once complimenting the authoress upon those masculine proclivities of which she was so proud, and assuring Recamier of his preference.

Chesterfield used to say that Marlborough owed more than half his success to his exquisite mastery of the graces, which never suffered any man to go away from him offended. He paid men better in compliment than others could pay in coin.

Chesterfield himself was most successful in his sacrifices upon the same gilded altar. He always knew how to temper the effects of his wit with the oil of flattery, and could generally heal the bite of his sarcasm with that honied lotion he knew so well how to use. He knew especially how to approach women and smoothe them until they purred. Nor was he incapable of soothering men into the most perfect pliancy.

As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, it was his imitable manners alone which prevented the Fenians of that day from taking up arms for the "Pretender." He once got a vote against Walpole in Parliament by permitting a member who thought he was great in surgery to phlebotomize upon his own arm.

Macaulay, in contrasting the high character which Dorset bore, and his great popularity, with the low repute and ill-fame which hung about Wilmot, attributes everything to the different manner of the two. And Cicero, in drawing the portrait of Cato, says that the Republic suffered harm by him solely on account of the want of pliancy in his temper: "Cato optime sentit, sed nocet interdum Republice: loquitur enim tanquam in Republica Platonis, non tanquam in fæce Romuli."

There is a national character of compliment, I take it, as well as an individual idiosyncrasy. The French are always neat, airy, graceful, pliant; the English are often blundering and uncouth, as in the case of that Lord Mayor of London who, wishing to compliment Queen Elizabeth upon her victory over the Spaniards, exultingly assured her that "the Armada had got the wrong sow by the ear when they attacked her majesty!"

The Oriental nations are great at compli-

ment. Less neat and graceful than the French, there is a certain convincing earnestness in their manner, a sort of *ore rotundo* utterance, that gives great effect to their efforts in this line.

The most splendid specimen of a compliment that I have ever encountered is that paid by the Arabian poet to the father of Giafar, the vizier, the greatest of the Barmecides:

"I asked Liberality, Art thou free? He answered, No; but I am the slave of Yahya, the son of Khalid.

"By purchase? said I. God forbid! he answered; for he had me by inheritance, from father after father."

In a regular exegesis upon the Art of Compliment, I would recommend the author to adopt some such classification as (1) kingly style; (2) heroic; (3) generous; (4) neat; (5) bizarre; (6) unpremeditated; (7) to self; (8) left-handed.

This will include nearly the whole species. There is, however, another distinction which it is necessary to enforce, which is the one between compliment *by deed* and compliment *by word*; this, under the literary system of the last century, was the great distinction between author and patron: the one paid a graceful lip-service, the other reciprocated in substantial golden guineas.

The neatest act of compliment I am acquainted with was that paid by Margaret of Scotland to the ugly but sweet-toned poet, Alain Chartier, when, finding him asleep one day, she kissed his distorted lips, saying that she did not kiss the man, but the mouth which had uttered so many sweet things.

Of the kingly style of compliment, there is perhaps no finer instance than that furnished us by the Emperor Charles V., when he picked up Titian's pencil for him:

"I can make lords every day," said he, "but I cannot create a Titian!"

The "great Emissian conqueror," when he bid "spare the house of Pindarus," paid a right royal compliment to genius; and his father Phillip, in appointing Aristotle to be tutor for Alexander, must have stirred a proud tumult even in the grave philosopher's veins:

"Be informed," he wrote, "that I have a son, and that I am thankful to the Gods, not so much for his birth, as that he was born in the same age with you; for if you will undertake the charge of his education, I assure myself that he will become worthy of his father, and of the kingdom which he will inherit."

It may be safely assumed that every genuine compliment, being meant to be a source of pleasure or comfort to the recipient, or the expression of that honest consciousness of the heart which does not recognize the frigid bar of what is called "policy," must flow from a genuine spirit of courtesy, and must indicate a generous impulse of soul.

This is especially discoverable in that class of complimentary instances which I name the *heroic*, and of which History and Biography furnish many instances.

What can be finer, for instance, or more heroically generous than that well-known exclamation of *Æschines*, in reply to the plaudits of his pupils when he read Demosthenes' oration "On the Crown"?

There is an anecdote of Wellington which illustrates this same heroic style of compliment in action: Lord Raglan, then Fitz-Roy Somerset, lost his arm at the battle of Waterloo. Raglan was the Duke's military secretary, and a very strong friendship existed between the two. When Raglan was shot, his principal concern was for the loss of his place, not his limb. Wellington soothed his anxieties at once, and in the most delicately significant way, by appointing temporarily to his place another officer who had also lost his right arm. Was not that nobly done, reader?

"Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste," said Sir Walter Raleigh, but I think instances of the above kind have the necessary cloying quality. There is an Eastern species of the heroic compliment which is clad in such a garb of hyperbole that it appears to be false and tinsel, until we come to consider in what a crucible the *perfervidum ingenium* of the East is heated up. Such are these highfalutin verse of Hafiz:

"The road before thee should be swept with brooms
Made of the eyelashes of impious kings!"

or this, which is more genuine:

"In vain you undertake to speak a bitter word:
It meets the sweetness of your lips before it's heard."

When Castillo, the artist of Seville, first saw the paintings of Murillo, he said sadly "Ya murio Castillo!"—there's an end of Castillo; and went home and died. Byron paid the same sort of compliment to Jeffreys (when we consider the nature of the man) when he paid off the critique upon the "Hours of Idleness" with "Childe Harold" and "English Bards;" and a similar spirit actuated Correggio to cry "Anch io sono pittore!"

Of neat and generous compliments, I have furnished plenty. The spirit that prompts one to the generous compliment is roughly but forcibly conveyed in the words of old Fuller: "Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it." Voltaire generously characterized Turenne, when he said of him: "He had committed errors, and he was great enough to confess them." One of the neatest compliments in the English language was Young's epigram upon Chesterfield, when he was requested to scrawl an impromptu on a window pane with my Lord's diamond:

"Behold a miracle instead of wit:
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ!"

Tennyson's "Welcome" to the young Danish princess abounds in felicitous instances of that sweet and delicate style of compliment

which can only proceed from a high-bred and gentle spirit of true courtesy. How could a bride coming into a strange house and a strange land receive greater assurance of being welcome than in the following:

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!"

For Saxon or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

Thackeray's "Pleaseman X" said some fine things, in his way, but I do not think he was quite entitled to the Laureateship, while Tennyson was living.

The *bizarre* style of compliment opens so wide a field that I cannot venture to enter upon it, for fear of losing my way. Unique of its kind, both as adulation, and in the manner of showing it, was the compliment paid by that stern "disciple of the Lord," the Scotch preacher, Irving, to Lady Conynghame, one of the mistresses of George the Fourth, when, in preaching before her, he spoke of "the heavenly pavillions," as if "heavenly mansions" were not good enough for any but common people. In Spain, when Lope de Vega was in the height of his popularity, every thing that pleased the people was called a "Lope."

In Monomotapa, when the people feel exceedingly like complimenting, after calling his sable majesty "the Lord of the Sun and Moon"—"the Great Magician," &c., they put a final touch to their adulation, and style him "The Great Thief!" What a country that would be for young Mr. Ketchum to display his rising genius in! The most exalted compliment ever paid to married life was that by the Russian widow who married a second time to keep from fretting herself to death for the one just deceased.

An involuntary or unpremeditated compliment is of all others the most flattering, since it bears the surest evidence of sincerity. When Grotius was dying at an obscure inn in Holland, the village clergyman came to urge upon him the duties of his situation. Grotius told him he was sufficiently prepared to die, and, in proof that he was so, gave his name "Sum Grotius;" said he. "Tu magnus illa Grotius!" was the involuntary and flattering exclamation of the priest.

The compliment to self is of all classes, but is after all most apt to be bizarre and ludicrous. Disraeli says that Percival Stockdale wound up a comparison between himself and Charles XII. of Sweden by remarking that "some parts of this parallel will be to his advantage, some to mine." Cicero had greater reason for being vain than poor Percival, but his famous "Fortunatam natam sic Consule Romanum," was fully as ridiculous as that writer's parallel.

The world is generally ill-natured enough to bestow a large share of applause upon itself.

handed compliments than it is willing to accord to the genuine article. When Cicero ironically said to the tailor-senator who had just spoken: "Rem acu tetigisti," I do not doubt, but he won more praises than when he was lauding the poet Archias to the skies. And it is certain that none of Voltaire's complimentary verses to Frederic made such an impression as his ironical ones after that famous friendship was broken, and the rude king rudely charged the philosopher with being "a squeezed orange."

"Ten measures of garrulity were sent down upon the earth," says the Talmud, "and the women took nine." Lest I should be charged with pilfering from some of the sex, I will bring this article to a close, merely advising my readers in conclusion to cultivate the art of compliment assiduously. Franklin stated it as the result of his wide experience that it was always best to say what was good and pleasant of and to everybody; and it is an undoubted fact, moreover, with all due respect to the requirements of Truth, that

"He tickles this age that can
Call Tulip's ape a marmoset,
And Leda's goose a swan."

(For the Saturday Press.)

ON SOME AMERICAN NOVELS.

It is related of the Queen of Sheba, I know not how truly, that on her return from King Solomon's court, she was waited upon by a deputation of the wise men of her kingdom, who besought her to embody in a chronicle and trace upon papyrus the experience of life and manners she had acquired in her travels. To whom the queen replied: "Ye fools! Is your queen a parrot that she should do this thing? Behold the hippopotamus; he roams over land and water, and yet doth he not know a better use of papyrus than to write upon it? May I never be embalmed if I do! Go to! Selah!" And so the woman locked up her experiences within herself, and went through the remainder of life mum, until finally she was deposited in the tomb of her sire, a decent mummy.

The times have evidently fallen off since then, and the example of the reticent queen is wholly lost upon the daughters of America. For these last rush into print on the least provocation, and with the merest modicum of experience. Having adopted some crude theory of life, or of the relations of the sexes, they run through their three or four hundred pages of incident and repartee, and selecting

an alliterative title and a provoking motto, launch their venture on a good-natured public, quite satisfied if it bring them some social fame.

The history of domestic fiction, like that of the individual soul, must always indicate motion, either progress or regress. When Fanny Burney and Jane Austin wrote, the female novelist was a new feature, and they seem not to have altogether forgotten their sex, even in literature. Latterly, the aim of the female author would seem to be to conceal her sex, and the result, morally speaking, can only be pronounced retrogressive. Assuming a masculine pseudonym, they acquire a supposed liberty to treat of certain matters, not usual in mixed society. The doctrine of passional attraction occupies a large sphere in the domestic novel of to-day. "Jane Eyre" was, perhaps, the finest work of fiction by a female author that touched upon this subject, and its influence can be traced in more novels during the past ten years than that of any other book, not excepting—the Bible! Consider the number of plain heroines, and moody yet fascinating heroes that have stalked through this kind of literature in that period. Powerful though "Jane Eyre" is as a psychological study, one could wish, in this retrospect, it had never been written.

These remarks the reader will, of course, understand to be general in their application, and not to be wholly pertinent to the consideration of a recent novel called "Emily Chester." For the style of this book is so good, and the earnestness with which the author treats her subject so admirable, that one is almost disposed to pardon breaches against nature and common sense. I am not going to sketch a lengthy plot of this novel, for by this time everybody who reads such things is familiar with it. It is the story of a girl who finds herself with two lovers, one handsome, clever, ideal, but weak; the other (who, by-the-way, has "formed" her from infancy) rich, cultivated, determined, ardent, in short a furnace where the rival is a rush-light, and who, of course, gets her for his wife. The whole interest of the book centres upon the interior life of this woman and her husband; the husband adoring her, but aware that she does not reciprocate his affection; the wife respecting his character, but hating him in the flesh. She finally dies of a broken heart, and he, very naturally, findeth a peace thereupon that surpasseth the peace of this world, as he had known it.

Now the theory of this book is the superlative force of passional attraction and passional repulsion. Concerning the former, I suppose no one of mature years is going to dispute its power. It is as old as Antony and Cleopatra, and a good deal older. It might be safe to say that it has occasioned a considerable trouble, first and last. The best of men

have been its victims. Even pious Pascal certified to this, when he wrote, "I am of the opinion of him who said that in love one forgets his fortune, his relations, and his friends."

* * * Passion cannot exist without excess; thence it comes that we care no longer for what the world says, as we know already that our conduct ought not to be condemned, since it comes from reason. There is fullness of passion and can be no beginning of reflection."

In short it comes from *instinct*, which is a higher reason, and therefore any young person about to commit matrimony will do well to heed its intimations.

But as to passional repulsion, there is room for grave doubts as to its motive force. In ordinary natures it is overcome by habits of intercourse, and when we consider the number of matches that are made from interest, love of self, or anything but pure love, we must admit that nature has very wisely so provided. One cannot conceive how a woman who had lived all her life under the fostering care and devotion of a man, who is not described as physically or morally deformed, could experience such sensations as Emily Chester is represented to on page 185.

"As she passed up and down the balcony, with all her armor of self-control completely cast aside, as careless and unrestrained as she had been in her earliest youth, Max stepped from one of the doors opening upon the porch, and coming gently behind her caught her in his arms.

"My bird will lose its voice if it sings any longer in the night air," he said gayly.

"The words were still upon his lips, when she tore herself from his grasp, drowning his sentence in a sharp, irrepressible cry of horror. The full splendor of the moonlight was upon them, revealing every look and gesture with a cold, awful distinctness. The sight it revealed to Max Crampton's eyes burned through them into his brain, there to remain while life lasted. It was the vision of a woman shrinking, almost crouching, against the angle of the balustrade that stopped her flight, with hands stretched out as though to drive him off; every particle of her expressing disgust, horror, loathing, with as frightful a power and emphasis as though each fibre had found a separate voice and shrieked its abhorrence. The glance she had given him at their parting, a year and a-half before, was to this as the evening wind is to the wildest tornado."—&c., &c.,

Now this is sheer bosh and contrary to nature. Habit is strong, and where a woman is brought in hourly contact with any man, one cannot imagine any mood, retrospective or other, that would warrant such a convulsion of hatred as this. J. J. Rousseau, who is certainly good authority in these matters, says: "Tant il est vrai, que ce qui nous attache le plus aux femmes est moins la dé-

bauche, qu'un certain agrément de vivre ou près d'allez." What is true of one sex in this is doubtless true of the other—the indescribable pleasure of intimate association counts more than the gratification of passion; would overcome in time any physical *désagrément*.

The motto of this book, taken from Goethe,—"It is in her monstrosities that nature discloses to us her secrets"—begs the whole case in advance. Supposing that the author was about to portray a monstrosity, we must admit that she has succeeded; only one would modestly inquire, what business have monstrosities out of fairy books? And is the secret of such vast importance as to warrant such a proceeding? That a woman can die by inches, through a hundred or two pages, of passional attraction, we have seen before in Dumas's *Camille*; only, unlike the latter, Emily Chester dies virtuous. It is a brilliant triumph of respectability over nature, and of course passes current among model people as a good book. But for my part, I can see no better moral in a book where the expectation of the reader is kept on the *qui vive* through thirty mortal chapters as to when the heroine is going to commit the fatal slip, than in another where they all go to the bad at the start, and repent at leisure afterwards.

I had intended when I sat down to this matter to bestow some attention on another female fiction, yclept "Mary Brandegee"; but I have no heart for the work. It is not that as a literary work it is contemptible, but because it evinces a mind not only trashy but something worse. It can only attract attention by its well-balanced posturings in the border land of decency. Some of the scenes, as for instance, where the heroine, having made an assignation with a fast man about town at a Jersey City tavern, finds herself concealed in a closet while a gentleman in the adjoining room proceeds to undress himself, are quite worthy of Paul de Kock. The extenuation that the heroine is not there for any evil purpose, but only through a weak desire to serve a friend, may pass for what it is worth. The authoress of this last book has a fatal facility in wasting ink. One feels after a chapter or two of it, as though he had overheard the rapid and vapid gabble of a parcel of school girls, home for vacation, from a not very nice school either. I really must apologize to the authoress of "Emily Chester" for mentioning it in the same paper. For she, at least, is always polished and clean.

Having sat out both tragedy and broad farce, let us drop the curtain on the recent American female novels.

ROBINSON.

Since the arrival of the British capitalists, Petrolia has had to give way to a new style of aristocracy called Peto-lia.

THOREAU AND THE TRANSCENDALISTS.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

What contemporary, if he was in the fighting period of his life, (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the state does in physical warfare,) will ever forget what was somewhat vaguely called the "Transcendental Movement" of thirty years ago? Apparently set a-stirring by Carlyle's essays on the "Signs of the Times," and on "History," the final and more immediate impulse seemed to be given by "Sartor Resartus." At least the republication in Boston of that wonderful Abraham à Sancta Clara sermon on Lear's text of the miserable forked radish gave the signal for a sudden mental and moral mutiny. *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile!* was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis, and by voices of every conceivable pitch, representing the three sexes of men, women, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagues. The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides, each eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fairer Creation was to be hatched in due time. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*,—so far was certain, though in what shape, or by what methods, was still a matter of debate.

Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophets, and the presartorial simplicity of Adam its martyrs, tailored impromptu from the tar-pot by incensed neighbors, and sent forth to illustrate the "feathered Mercury," as defined by Webster and Worcester. Plainness of speech was carried to a pitch that would have taken away the breath of George Fox; and even swearing had its evangelists, who answered a simple inquiry after their health with an elaborate ingenuity of imprecation that might have been honorably mentioned by Marlborough in general orders. Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit.

Some had an assurance of instant millennium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their furloughed allegiance on Thor or Budh. Conventions were held for every hitherto inconceivable purpose. The belated gift of tongues, as among the Fifth Monarchy men, spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible to all Christian men; whether equally so to the most distant possible heathen or not, was unexperimented, though many would have subscribed liberally that a fair trial might be made. It was the pentecost of Shinar. The day of utterances reproduced the day of rebuses and anagrams,

and there was nothing so simple that uncial letters and the style of Diphilus the Labyrinth could not make into a riddle. Many foreign revolutionists out of work added to the general misunderstanding their contribution of broken English in every most ingenious form of fracture. All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves. The general motto was

"And we'll talk with them, too,
And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies."

Nature is always kind enough to give even her clouds a humorous lining. We have barely hinted at the comic side of the affair, for the material was endless. This was the whistle and trailing fuse of the shell, but there was a very solid and serious kernel, full of the most deadly explosiveness. Thoughtful men divined it, but the generality suspected nothing.

The word "transcendental" then was the maid of all work for those who could not think, as "pre-Raphaelite" has been more recently for people of the same limited house-keeping. The truth is, that there was a much nearer metaphysical relation and a much more distant aesthetic and literary relation between Carlyle and the Apostles of the Newness, as they were called in New England, than has commonly been supposed. Both represented the reaction and revolt against *Philisterei*, a renewal of the old battle begun in modern times by Erasmus and Reuchlin, and continued by Lessing, Goethe, and in a far narrower sense, by Heine in Germany, and of which Fielding, Sterne and Woodsworth in different ways have been the leaders in England.

It was simply a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken, though painted with images of saints and martyrs. Light colored by these reverend effigies was none the more respirable for being picturesque. There is only one thing better than tradition, and that is the original and eternal life out of which all tradition takes its rise. It was this life which the reformers demanded, with more or less clearness of consciousness and expression, life in politics, life in literature, life in religion. Of what use to import a gospel from Judea, if we leave behind the soul that made it possible, the God who keeps it forever real and present? Surely *Abana* and *Pharpar* are better than *Jordan*, if a living faith be mixed with those waters and none with these.

Scotch Presbyterianism as a motive of spiritual progress was dead; New England Puritanism was in like manner dead; in other words, Protestantism had made its fortune and no longer protested; but till Carlyle spoke out in the Old World and Emerson in the New, no one had dared to proclaim, *Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* The meaning of which proclamation was essentially this: the vital spirit has long since departed out of this form once so kingly, and the great seal has been in commission long enough; but meanwhile the

soul of man, from whom all power emanates and to which it reverts, still survives in undiminished royalty; God still survives, little as you gentlemen of the commission seem to be aware of it,—nay, may possibly outlive the whole of you, incredible as it may appear.

The truth is, that both Scotch Presbyterianism and New England Puritanism made their new avatar in Carlyle and Emerson, the heralds of their formal decease, and the tendency of the one toward Authority and of the other toward Independency might have been prophesied by whoever had studied history. The necessity was not so much in the men as in the principles they represented and the traditions which overruled them. The Puritanism of the past found its unwilling poet in Hawthorn, the rarest creative imagination of the century, the rarest in some ideal respects since Shakespeare; but the Puritanism that cannot die, the Puritanism that made New England what it is, and is destined to make America what it should be, found its voice in Emerson. Though holding himself aloof from all active partnership in movements of reform, he has been the sleeping partner who has supplied a great part of their capital.

The artistic range of Emerson is narrow, as every well-read critic must feel at once; and so is that of *Æschylus*, so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne, so that of Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except Shakespeare; but there is a gauge of height no less than of breadth, of individuality as well as of comprehensiveness, and, above all, there is the standard of genetic power, the test of the masculine as distinguished from the receptive minds. There are staminant plants in literature, that make no fine show of fruit, but without whose pollen, the quintessence of fructifying gold, the garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emphatically one of these, and there is no man to whom our aesthetic culture owes so much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the Revolution politically independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget, or cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral nudge which he received from the writings of his high-minded and brave-spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what

* Letters to Various Persons. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard; our Harvard parallel to the last public appearances of Fichte.

We said that the "Transcendental Movement" was the protestant spirit of Puritanism seeking a new outlet and an escape from forms and creeds which compressed rather than expressed it. In its motives, its preaching, and its results, it differed radically from the doctrine of Carlyle. The Scotchman, with all his genius, and his humor gigantesque as that of Rabelais, has grown shriller and shriller with years, degenerating sometimes into a common scold, and emptying very unsavory vials of wrath on the head of the sturdy British Socrates of worldly common sense. The teaching of Emerson tended much more exclusively to self-culture and the independent development of the individual man. It seemed to many almost Pythagorean in its voluntary seclusion from commonwealth affairs. Both Carlyle and Emerson were disciples of Goethe, but Emerson in a far truer sense; and while the one, from his bias toward the eccentric, has degenerated more and more into mannerism, the other has clarified steadily toward perfection of style,—exquisite fineness of material, unobtrusive lowness of tone and simplicity of fashion, the most high-bred garb of expression. Whatever may be said of his thought, nothing can be finer than the delicious limpidness of his phrase. If it was ever questionable whether democracy could develop a gentleman, the problem has been affirmatively solved at last. Carlyle, in his cynicism and his admiration of force as such, has become at last positively inhuman; Emerson, reverencing strength, seeking the highest outcome of the individual, has found that society and politics are also main elements in the attainment of the desired end; and has drawn steadily manward and worldward.

Among the pistillate plants kindled to fruitage by the Emersonian pollen, Thoreau is thus far the most remarkable; and it is something eminently fitting that his posthumous works should be offered us by Emerson, for they are strawberries from his own garden. A singular mixture of varieties, indeed, there is;—alpine, some of them, with the flavor of rare mountain air; others wood, tasting of sunny roadside banks or shy openings in the forest; and not a few seedlings swollen hugely by culture, but lacking the fine natural aroma of the more modest kinds. Strange books these are of his, and interesting in many ways,—instructive chiefly as showing how considerable a crop may be raised on a comparatively narrow close of mind, and how much a man may make of his life if he will assiduously follow it, though perhaps never truly finding it at last.

We have just been renewing our recollection of Mr. Thoreau's writings, and have read through his six volumes in the order of their production. We shall try to give an adequate report of their impression upon us both as critic and as mere reader. He seems to us to have been a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself. Was he indolent, he finds none of the activities which attract or employ the rest of mankind worthy of him. Was he

wanting in the qualities that make success, it is success that is contemptible, and not himself that lacks persistency and purpose. Was he poor, money was an unmixed evil. Did his life seem a selfish one, he condemns doing good as one of the weakest of superstitions. To be of use was with him the most killing bait of the wily tempter Uselessness. He had no faculty of generalization from outside of himself, or at least no experience which would supply the material of such, and he makes his own whim the law, his own range the horizon of the universe. He condemns a world, the hollowness of whose satisfactions he had never had the means of testing, and we recognize Apemantus behind the mask of Timon. He had little active imagination; of the receptive he had much. His appreciation is of the highest quality; his critical power, from want of continuity of mind, very limited and inadequate. He somewhere cites a simile from Ossian, as an example of the superiority of the old poetry to the new, though, even were the historic evidence less convincing, the sentimental melancholy of those poems should be conclusive of their modernness. He had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs, or (more rarely) short bits of verse for the expression of a detached thought, sentiment, or image. His works give one the feeling of a sky full of stars,—something impressive and exhilarating certainly, something high overhead and freckled thickly with spots of isolated brightness; but whether these have any mutual relation with each other, or have any concern with our mundane matters, is for the most part matter of conjecture,—astrology as yet, and not astronomy.

It is curious, considering what Thoreau afterwards became, that he was not by nature an observer. He only saw the things he looked for, and was less poet than naturalist. Till he built his Walden shanty, he did not know that the hickory grew in Concord. Till he went to Maine, he had never seen phosphorescent wood, a phenomenon early familiar to most country boys. At forty, he speaks of the seeding of the pine as a new discovery, though one should have thought that its gold-dust of blowing pollen might have earlier drawn his eye. Neither his attention nor his genius was of a spontaneous kind. He discovered nothing. He thought everything a discovery of his own, from moonlight to the planting of acorns and nuts by squirrels. This is a defect in his character, but one of his chief-charms as a writer. Everything grows fresh under his hand. He delved in his mind and nature; he planted them with all manner of native and foreign seeds, and reaped assiduously. He was not merely solitary, he would be isolated, and succeeded at last in almost persuading himself that he was autochthonous. He valued everything in proportion as he fancied it to be exclusively his own. He complains in "Walden," that there is no one in Concord with whom he could talk of Oriental literature, though the man was living within two miles of his hut who had introduced him to it. This intellectual selfishness becomes sometimes almost painful in reading him. He lacked that generosity of "communication" which Johnson admired in Burke. De Quincy tells us that Wordsworth was im-

patient when any one else spoke of mountains, as if he had a peculiar property in them. And we can readily understand why it should be so: no one is satisfied with another's appreciation of his mistress.

But Thoreau seems to have prized a lofty way of thinking (often we should be inclined to call it a remote one) not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him. It seems now and then as if he did not seek to lure others up "above our lower region of turmoil," but to leave his own name cut on the mountain peak as the first climber. This itch of originality infects his thought and style. To be misty is not to be mystic. He turns commonplaces end for end, and fancies it makes something new of them. As we walk down Park Street, our eye is caught by Dr. Windship's dumb-bells, one of which bears an inscription testifying that it is the heaviest ever put up at arm's length by any athlete; and in reading Mr. Thoreau's books we cannot help feeling as if he sometimes invited our attention to a particular sophism or paradox as the biggest yet maintained by any single writer. He seeks, at all risks, for perversity of thought, and revives the age of *conceitti* while he fancies himself going back to a pre-classical nature. "A day," he says, "passed in the society of those Greek sages, such as described in the Banquet of Xenophon, would not be comparable with the dry wit of decayed cranberry-vines and the fresh Attic salt of the moss-beds." It is not so much the True that he loves as the Out-of-the-Way. As the Brazen Age shows itself in other men by exaggeration of phrase, so in him by extravagance of statement. He wishes always to trump your suit and to *ruff* when you least expect it. Do you love Nature because she is beautiful? He will find a better argument in her ugliness. Are you tired of the artificial man? He instantly dresses you up an ideal in a Penobscot Indian, and attributes to this creature of his otherwise-mindedness as peculiarities things that are common to all woodsmen, white or red, and this simply because he has not studied the pale-faced variety.

This notion of an absolute originality, as if one could have a patent-right in it, is an absurdity. A man cannot escape in thought, any more than he can in language, from the past and the present. As no one ever invents a word, and yet language somehow grows by general contribution and necessity, so it is with thought. Mr. Thoreau seems to us to insist in public on going back to flint and steel, when there is a matchbox in his pocket which he knows very well how to use at a pinch. Originality consists in power of digesting and assimilating thought, so that they become part of our life and substance. Montaigne, for example, is one of the most original of authors, though he helped himself to ideas in every direction. But they turn to blood and coloring in his style, and give a freshness of complexion that is forever charming. In Thoreau much seems yet to be foreign and unassimilated, showing itself in symptoms of indigestion. A preacher up of Nature, we now and then detect under the surly and stoic garb something of the sophist and the sentimentalizer. We are far from implying that this was conscious on his part. But it is much easier for a man to impose on

himself when he measures only with himself. A greater familiarity with ordinary men would have done Thoreau good, by showing him how many fine qualities are common to the race. The radical vice of his theory of life was, that he confounded physical with spiritual remoteness from men. One is far enough withdrawn from his fellows if he keep himself clear of their weaknesses. He is not so truly withdrawn as exiled, if he refuse to share in their strength. It is a morbid self-consciousness that pronounces the world of men empty and worthless before trying it, the instinctive evasion of one who is sensible of some innate weakness, and retorts the accusation of it before any has made it but himself. To a healthy mind, the world is a constant challenge of opportunity. Mr. Thoreau had not a healthy mind, or he would not have been so fond of prescribing. His whole life was a search for the doctor. The old mystics had a wiser sense of what the world was worth. They ordained a severe apprenticeship to law and even ceremonial, in order to the gaining of freedom and mastery over these. Seven years of service for Rachel were to be rewarded at last with Leah. Seven other years of faithfulness with her were to win them at last the true bride of their souls. Active Life was with them the only path to the Contemplative.

Thoreau had no humor, and this implies that he was a sorry logician. Himself an artist in rhetoric, he confounds thought with style when he undertakes to speak of the latter. He was forever talking of getting away from the world, but he must be always near enough to it, nay, to the Concord corner of it, to feel the impression he makes there. He verifies the shrewd remark of Sainte-Beuve, "On touche encore à son temps et très-fort, même quand on le repousse." This egotism of his is a Stylites pillar after all, a seclusion which keeps him in the public eye. The dignity of man is an excellent thing, but therefore to hold one's self too sacred and precious is the reverse of excellent. There is something delightfully absurd in six volumes addressed to a world of such "vulgar fellows" as Thoreau affirmed his fellow-men to be. We once had a glimpse of a genuine solitary who spent his winters one hundred and fifty miles beyond all human communication, and there dwelt with his rifle as his only confidant. Compared with this, the shanty on Walden Pond has something the air, it must be confessed, of the Hermitage of La Chevrette. We do not believe that the way to a true cosmopolitanism carries one into the woods or the society of musquashes. Perhaps the narrowest provincialism is that of Self; that of Kleinwinkel is nothing to it. The natural man, like the singing birds, comes out of the forest as inevitably as the natural bear and the wild-cat stick there. To seek to be natural implies a consciousness that forbids all naturalness forever. It is as easy—and no easier—to be natural in a *salon* as in a swamp, if one do not aim at it, for what we call unnaturalness always has its spring in a man's thinking too much about himself. "It is impossible," said Turgot, "for a vulgar man to be simple."

We look upon a great deal of the modern sentimentalism about nature as a mark of disease. It is one more symptom of the general liver-complaint. In a man of wholesome constitution the wilderness is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life

Those who have most loudly advertised their passion for seclusion and their intimacy with nature, from Petrarch down, have been mostly sentimentalists, unreal men, misanthropes on the spindle side, solacing an uneasy suspicion of themselves by professing contempt for their kind. They make demands on the world in advance, proportioned to their inward measure of their own merit, and are angry that the world pays only by the visible measure of performance. It is true of Rousseau, the modern founder of the sect, true of St. Pierre, his intellectual child, and of Chateaubriand, his grandchild, the inventor of what we may call the primitive forest cure, and who first was touched by the solemn falling of a tree from natural decay in the windless silence of the woods. It is a very shallow view that affirms trees and rocks to be healthy, and cannot see that men in communities are just as true to the laws of their organization and destiny; that can tolerate the puffin and the fox, but not the fool and the knave; that would shun politics because of its demagogues, and snuff up the stench of the obscene fungus. The divine life of nature is more wonderful, more various, more sublime in man than in any other of her works, and the wisdom that is gained by commerce with men, as Montaigne and Shakespeare gained it, or with one's own soul among men, as Dante, is the most delightful, as it is the most precious, of all. In outward nature it is still man that interests us, and we care far less for the things seen, than the way in which poetic eyes like Wordsworth's or Thoreau's see them, and the reflections they cast there. To hear the to-do that is often made over the simple fact that a man sees the image of himself in the outward world, one is reminded of a savage when he for the first time catches a glimpse of himself in a looking-glass. "Venerable child of Nature," we are tempted to say, "to whose science in the invention of the tobacco-pipe, to whose art in the tattooing of thine undegenerate hide not yet enslaved by tailors, we are slowly striving to climb back, the miracle thou behest is sold in my unhappy country for a shilling!" If matters go on as they have done, and everybody must needs blab of all the favors that have been done him by roadside, and river-brink, and woodland walk, as if to kiss and tell were no longer treachery, it will be a positive refreshment to meet a man who is as superbly indifferent to nature as she is to him. By-and-by we shall have John Smith, of No. 12, 12th street, advertising that he is not the J. S. who saw a cow-lily on Thursday last, as he never saw one in his life, would not see one if he could, and is prepared to prove an alibi on the day in question.

Solitary communion with nature does not seem to have been sanitary or sweetening in its influence on Thoreau's character. On the contrary, his letters show him more cynical as he grew older. While he studied with respectful attention the minks and woodchucks, his neighbors, he looked with utter contempt on the august drama of destiny of which his country was the scene, and on which the curtain had already risen. He was converting us back to a state of nature "so eloquently," as Voltaire said of Rousseau, "that he almost persuaded us to go on all fours," while the wiser fates were making it possible for us to walk erect for the first time. Had he conversed more with his fellows, his sympathies would have widened with the assurance that his peculiar genius had more appreciation, and his writings a larger circle of readers, or at least a warmer one, than he dreamed of. We have the highest testimony to the natural sweetness, sincerity, and nobleness of his temper, and in his books an equally irrefragable one to the rare quality of his mind. He was not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler. Yet his mind strikes us as cold and wintry in its purity. A light snow has fallen everywhere where he seems to come on the track of the shier sensations that would elsewhere leave no trace. We think greater compression

would have done more for his fame. A feeling of sameness comes over us as we read so much. Trifles are recorded with an over-minute punctuality and conscientiousness of detail. We cannot help thinking sometimes of the man who

"watches, starves, freezes, and sweats
To learn but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,"

and sometimes of the saying of the Persian poet, that "when the owl would boast, he boasts of catching mice at the edge of a hole." We could readily part with some of his affectations. It was well enough for Pythagoras to say, once for all, "When I was Euphorbus at the siege of Troy;" not so well for Thoreau to travesty it into "When I was a shepherd on the plains of Assyria." A naive thing said over again is anything but naive. But with every exception, there is no writing comparable with Thoreau's in kind, that is comparable with it in degree where it is best; where it disengages itself, that is, from the tangled roots and dead leaves of a second-hand Orientalism, and runs limpid and smooth and broadening as it runs, a mirror for whatever is grand and lovely in both worlds.

George Sand says neatly, that "Art is not a study of positive reality," (actuality were the fitter word,) "but a seeking after ideal truth." It would be doing very inadequate justice to Thoreau if we left it to be inferred that this ideal element did not exist in him, and that too in larger proportion, if less obtrusive, than his nature-worship. He took nature as the mountain-path to an ideal world. If the path wind a good deal, if he record too faithfully every trip over a root, if he botanize somewhat wearisomely, he gives us now and then superb outlooks from some jutting crag, and brings us out at last into an illimitable ether, where the breathing is not difficult for those who have any true touch of the climbing spirit. His shanty-life was a mere impossibility, so far as his own conception of it goes, as an entire independency of mankind. The tub of Diogenes had a sounder bottom. Thoreau's experiment actually presupposed all that complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrows an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fish-hooks, his plow, his hoe, all turn state's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilization which rendered it possible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* His aim was a noble and a useful one, in the direction of "plain living and high thinking." It was a practical sermon on Emerson's text that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," an attempt to solve Carlyle's problem of "lessening your denominator." His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery. He had "fine translunar things" in him. His better style as a writer is in keeping with the simplicity and purity of his life. We have said that his range was narrow, but to be a master is to be a master. He had caught his English at its living source, among the poets and prose-writers of its best days; his literature was extensive and recondite; his quotations are always nuggets of the purest ore; there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized; his metaphors and images are always fresh from the soil; he had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand; as we read him, it seems as if all-out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne; we look at the landscape as in a Claude Lorraine glass; compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's Selborne, seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac. He belongs with Donne and Browne and Novalis; if not with the originally creative men, with the scarcely smaller class who are peculiar, and whose leaves shed their invisible thought-seed like ferns.

North American Review.

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Mr. Wendell Phillips is said to have in readiness three new lectures, entitled as follows:

1. The War of Independence—the British victorious.
2. The Mexican War—the Mexicans victorious.
3. The Battle of Waterloo—the French victorious.

FEUILLETON D'ADIEU.

BY FIGARO.

Here I am back again, Mr. Editor, without the loss of so much as a limb.

I think you'll find my funny-bone broken, but that's no matter.

If you are in want of anything in the funny line, just print Cooper's last novel—I mean the California Cooper, who is what they call in San Francisco (meaning a pun, no doubt) a staver.

You can also copy something from "Walt Whitman's Drum Taps," which a friend at my elbow, who sometimes gets off a good thing, says are written in vexameters.

But whatever you do, don't look for anything from me which is not perfectly serious.

I had a cluster of little brilliants sent to me, as usual, for your editorial column, but you will have to set them aside, I fear, to make way for the enclosed poem ("Peace to his Ashes") which, to my thinking, is better than anything you have yet published in prose or verse—which is saying a good deal.

Please print it with all the honors, and offer a handsome premium for the name of the author; for modesty, like "virtue," has been its "own reward" long enough.

I know this from experience.

But, as I was saying, here I am back again, though I don't feel at all like getting into harness.

Somehow, after travelling on the Camden and Amboy route—which I verily believe to be the route of all evil—I always feel about ten years older.

Still it is so pleasant to get back with your head on your shoulders—a very good place to have it—that a few years more or less are of no consequence.

I presume the luck is attributable, in my case, to the fact that I got my head (as well as my trunk and other things) insured for about double their value.

And then I suppose you got insurance, too, against having no Dramatic Feuilleton this week.

Well, you may as well collect it: for I write, now, chiefly to resign my position as Dramatic Feuilletonist into younger, and brighter, and better hands.

Whose, you will know in due time.

I have been wanting to say "Adieu!" to my theatrical and operatic friends for several years, but the word has always stuck in my throat.

Now, however, I have no choice in the matter.

Other duties on our dear paper claim my attention, and I must take up my pen and walk.

I have no time even to write a valedictory.

But do not be alarmed: you will have quite as much of "Figaro," in other parts of the Press as you can stand.

Besides, it is impossible for him to go to the theatre, the opera etc., without neglecting everything else; and, moreover, he has had the good fortune to find a successor whose name, were he permitted to mention it, would be hailed by the theatric and operatic world with acclamation.

So, without further ceremony, I give up my chair—blessings on it!—and remain

Yours resignedly,

FIGARO.

MUCK-A-MUCK;

A MODERN INDIAN NOVEL.

AFTER COOPER.

[BY THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.]

CHAPTER I.

It was toward the close of a bright October day. The last rays of the setting sun were reflected from one of those sylvan lakes peculiar to the Sierras of California. On the right the curling smoke of an Indian village rose between the columns of the lofty pines, while to the left the log cottage of Judge Tompkins, embowered in buckeyes, completed the enchanting picture.

Although the exterior of the cottage was humble and unpretentious, and in keeping with the wildness of the landscape, its interior gave evidence of the cultivation and refinement of its inmates. An aquarium, containing gold fishes, stood on a marble centre table at one end of the apartment, while a magnificent grand piano occupied the other. The floor was covered with a yielding tapestry carpet, and the walls were adorned with paintings from the pencils of Van Dyke, Reubens, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, and the productions of the more modern Turner, Kensett, Church and Bierstadt. Although Judge Tompkins had chosen the frontiers of civilization as his home, it was impossible for him to entirely forego the habits and tastes of his former life. He was seated in a luxurious arm-chair, writing at a mahogany *écritoire*, while his daughter, a lovely young girl of seventeen summers, plied her crochet needle on an ottoman beside him. A bright fire of pine logs flickered and flamed on the ample hearth.

Genevra Octavia Tompkins was Judge Tompkins' only child. Her mother had long since died on the Plains. Reared in affluence, no pains had been spared with the daughter's education. She was a graduate of one of the principal seminaries, and spoke French with a perfect Benicia accent. Peerlessly beautiful,

she was dressed in a white muslin musette robe trimmed with crimson lace. That simple rosebud, with which most heroines exclusively decorate their hair, was all she wore in her raven locks.

The Judge was the first to break the silence:

"Genevra, the logs which compose yonder fire seems to have been incautiously chosen. The sibilation produced by the sap, which exudes copiously therefrom, is not conducive to composition."

"True, father, but I thought it would be preferable to the constant crepitation which is apt to attend the combustion of more seasoned lignous fragments."

The Judge looked admiringly at the intellectual features of the graceful girl, and half forgot the slight annoyances of the green wood in the musical accents of his daughter. He was smoothing her hair tenderly, when the shadow of a tall figure, which suddenly darkened the doorway, caused him to look up.

CHAPTER II.

It needed but a glance at the new comer to detect at once the form and features of the haughty aborigine—the untaught and untrammelled son of the forest. Over one shoulder a blanket, negligently but gracefully thrown, disclosed a bare and powerful breast, decorated with a quantity of three cent postage stamps which he had despoiled from an Overland Mail stage a few weeks previous. A cast-off beaver of Judge Tompkins', adorned by a simple feather, covered his erect head, from beneath which his straight locks descended. His right hand hung lightly by his side, while his left was engaged in holding on a pair of pantaloons, which the lawless grace and freedom of his lower limbs evidently could not brook.

"Why," said the Indian, in a low sweet tone, "why does the Pale Face still follow the track of the Red Man? Why does he pursue him, even as *O-kee-Chow*, the wild cat, chases *Ka-ka*, the skunk? Why are the feet of *Sorrel-top*, the white chief, among the acorns of *Muck-a-Muck*, the mountain forest? Why," he repeated, quietly but firmly, abstracting a silver spoon from the table, "why do you seek to drive him from the wigwams of his fathers? His brothers are already gone to the happy hunting grounds. Will the Pale Face seek him there?" And, averting his face from the Judge, he hastily concealed a silver cake-basket beneath his blanket, to conceal his emotion.

"*Muck-a-Muck* has spoken," said Genevra, softly, "let him now listen. Are the acorns of the mountain sweeter than the esculent and nutritious bean of the Pale Face miner? Does my brother prize the edible qualities of the snail above that of the crisp and oleaginous bacon? Delicious are the grasshoppers that sport on the hillside—are they better than the dried apples of the Pale Faces? Pleasant is the gurgle of the torrent, *Kish-Kish*, but is it better than the cluck-cluck of old Bourbon from the old stone-bottle?"

"Ugh!" said the Indian, "Ugh! good. The White Rabbit is wise. Her words fall as the snow on Tootoonolo, and the rocky heart of *Muck-a-Muck* is hidden. What says my brother the Gray Gopher of Dutch Flat?"

"She has spoken, Muck-a-Muck," said the Judge, gazing fondly on his daughter. "It is well. Our treaty is concluded. No, thank you—you need not dance the Dance of Snow Shoes, the Moccasin Dance, the Dance of the Green Corn, or the Treaty Dance. I would be alone. A strange sadness overpowers me."

"I go," said the Indian. "Tell your great chief in Washington, the Sachem Andy, that the Red Man is retiring before the footsteps of the adventurous Pioneer. Inform him, if you please, that westward the star of empire takes its way, that the chiefs of the Pi-Ute nation are for Reconstruction, to a man, and that Klamath will poll a heavy Republican vote in the Fall."

And folding his blanket more tightly around him, Muck-a-Muck withdrew.

CHAPTER III.

Genevra Tompkins stood at the door of the log cabin, looking after the retreating Overland Mail stage which conveyed her father to Virginia City. "He may never return again," sighed the young girl as she glanced at the frightfully rolling vehicle and wildly careering horses—"at least, with unbroken bones. Should he meet with an accident? I mind me now of a fearful legend, familiar to my childhood. Can it be that the drivers on this line are privately instructed to dispatch all passengers maimed by accident, to prevent tedious litigation? No, no. But why this weight upon my heart?"

She seated herself at the piano and lightly passed her hand over the keys. Then, in a clear mezzo-soprano voice, she sang the first verse of one of the most popular Irish ballads:

"O arach, ma deoch, the distant dudheen,
Lies soft in the moonlight, ma bouchal your neen :
The springing gossons on the heather are still,
And the coopers and collens are heard on the hill."

But as the ravishing notes of her sweet voice died upon the air, her hands sank listlessly to her side. Music could not chase away the mysterious shadow from her heart. Again she rose. Putting on a white crepe bonnet, and carefully drawing a pair of lemon-colored gloves over her taper fingers, she seized her parasol and plunged into the depths of the pine forest.

CHAPTER IV.

Genevra had not proceeded many miles before a weariness seized upon her fragile limbs, and she would fain seat herself upon the trunk of a prostrate pine, which she previously dusted with her handkerchief. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the scene was one of gorgeous and sylvan beauty. "How beautiful is nature," murmured the innocent girl, as, reclining gracefully against the root of the tree, she gathered up her skirts and tied the handkerchief around her throat. But a low growl interrupted her meditation. Starting to her feet, her eyes met a sight which froze her blood with terror.

The only outlet to the forest was the narrow path, barely wide enough for a single person, hemmed in by trees and rocks, which she had just traversed. Down this path, in Indian file, came a monstrous grizzly, closely followed by a California lion, a wild-cat, and a buffalo, the rear being brought up by a wild

Spanish bull. The mouths of the three first animals were distended with frightful significance; the horns of the last were lowered as ominously. As Genevra was preparing to faint, she heard a low voice behind her.

"Eternally dog-gone my skin if this ain't the puttiest chance yet."

At the same moment, a long, shining barrel dropped lightly from behind her and rested over her shoulder.

Genevra shuddered.

"Dern ye—don't move!"

Genevra became motionless.

The crack of a rifle rang through the woods. Three frightful yells were heard and two sullen roars. Five animals bounded into the air and five lifeless bodies lay upon the plain. The well-aimed bullet had done its work. Entering the open throat of the grizzly, it had traversed his body, only to enter the throat of the California lion, and in like manner the catamount, until it passed through into the respective foreheads of the bull and buffalo, and finally fell flattened from the rocky hillside.

Genevra turned quickly. "My preserver!" she shrieked, and fell into the arms of Natty Bumppo—the celebrated Pike Ranger of Donner Lake.

CHAPTER V.

The moon rose cheerfully above Donner Lake. On its placid bosom a dug-out canoe glided rapidly, containing Natty Bumppo and Genevra Tompkins.

Both were silent. The same thought possessed each, and perhaps there was sweet companionship even in the unbroken quiet. Genevra bit the handle of her parasol and blushed. Natty Bumppo took a fresh chew of tobacco. At length Genevra said, as if in half-spoken reverie:

"The soft shining of the moon and the peaceful ripple of the waves, seem to say to us various things of an instructive and moral tendency."

"You may bet yer pile on that, Miss," said her companion gravely. "It's all the preachin' and psalm-singin' I've heern since I was a boy."

"Noble being!" said Miss Tompkins to herself, glancing at the stately Pike as he bent over his paddle to conceal his emotion. "Reared in this wild seclusion, yet he has become penetrated with visible consciousness of a Great First Cause." Then, collecting herself, she said aloud: "Methinks 'twere pleasant to glide ever thus down the stream of life, hand in hand with the one being whom the soul claims as its affinity. But what am I saying?"—and the delicate-minded girl hid her face in her hands.

A long silence ensued, which was at length broken by her companion.

"If you mean your on the marry," he said, thoughtfully, "I ain't in no wise partickler!"

"My husband," faltered the blushing girl; and fell into his arms.

In ten minutes more the loving couple had landed at Judge Tompkins.

CHAPTER VI.

A year has passed away. Natty Bumppo was returning from Gold Hill, where he had

been to purchase provisions. On his way to Donner Lake, rumors of an Indian up-rising met his ears. "Dern their peaky skins, if they dare to touch my Jenny," he muttered between his clenched teeth.

It was dark when he reached the borders of the lake. Around a glittering fire he dimly discerned dusky figures dancing. They were in war paint. Conspicuous among them was the renowned Muck-a-Muck. But why did the fingers of Natty Bumppo tighten convulsively around his rifle?

The Chief held in his hand long tufts of raven hair. The heart of the pioneer sickened as he recognized the clustering curls of Genevra. In a moment his rifle was at his shoulder and with a sharp "ping," Muck-a-Muck leaped into the air a corpse. To dash out the brains of the remaining savages, tear the tresses from the stiffening hand of Muck-a-Muck, and dash rapidly forward to the cottage of Judge Tompkins, was the work of a moment.

He burst open the door. Why did he stand transfixed with open mouth and distending eye-balls? Was the sight too horrible to be borne? On the contrary, before him, in her peerless beauty, stood Genevra Tompkins, leaning on her father's arm.

"Ye'r not scalped, then?" gasped her lover.

"No, I have no hesitation in saying that I am not; but why this abruptness?" responded Genevra.

Bumppo could not speak, but frantically produced the silken tresses. Genevra turned her face aside.

"Why that's her waterfall," said the Judge. Bumppo sank fainting to the floor.

The famous Pike chieftain never recovered from the deceit, and refused to marry Genevra, who died, twenty years afterward, of a broken heart. Judge Tompkins lost his fortune in Wild Cat. The stage passes twice a week the deserted cottage at Donner Lake. Thus was the death of Muck-a-Muck avenged.

(For the Saturday Press.)

"PEACE TO HIS ASHES."

[COMMON PHRASE.]

Is it his ashes only that want peace?

What ashes—and what peace do ashes want?
Such stuff might answer for old Rome and Greece,
But Christian people should ignore the cant.

Mean you the ashes of his flesh, inurned

After what's called the process of cremation—
Or ashes of his soul, to heaven returned

After a course of what they term purgation?

If 'tis the ashes of his bones you mean,

What made you burn them? Could there not be
found,

Even in this land of graves, six feet of green
Wherein to plant his body underground?

Perhaps he was an ash-man, and your heart
Calls down a blessing on his stock in trade;
His pot-ash, pearl-ash, soap-fat, donkey-cart,
That made him rich before he was a shade.

Why taint with Pagan phrase the Christian air,
And mock with classic words a friend's decease?

Why not recall the good old Christian prayer

"God rest his soul," or "May he sleep in peace."

DICKY DOMINO.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

COOKING AS A FINE ART.

As James Watt, canny Scot, when of tender years, sat in the chimney corner, and, resting his scientific elbows on his philosophic knees, pondered the problems of steam, so our excellent Monsieur Blot, best of cooks, and politest of Gauls, immaturely gazed on the charcoal brasier, and, in imagination, invented soups and improvised entrées. This bit of history was revealed to us in a cream cake of Monsieur, as a fish's scale unfolds to Agassiz the career and possibilities of its funny possessor.

Entering the Cooking Academy we are met on the threshold by one guide, philosopher, and friend, who informs us, to our dismay, that to-day celebrates not the opening, but more properly the *re-opening* of the school, and that the dozen nymphs and goddesses assembled on the benches constitute a portion of his advanced class. Nevertheless, neophyte as we are, we are most welcome. He, protecting *Aeneas*, will take us by the hand, while we, the young *Irelus*, follow with unequal steps. Allow him the pleasure to offer us pencil and paper to set down his instructions.

Abashed to find our ignorant self in the presence of twelve accomplished cooks, we accept the paper and retire into obscurity behind it. Emerging by degrees as the severe attention of the twelve becomes directed to the business of the hour, we examine curiously, yet reverently, this temple of *Hygeia*, goddess of Health.

It is a large room, well lighted, and furnished with many benches, a table or two, a safe for food, and the black, uncomely range—the sooty, conquered Caliban, who does, without murmuring, the will of this Prospero. The bare walls and uncovered floor shine with cleanliness; the three windows are crystal clear; at a long table between the range and the benches stands a slender Frank, white-capped, white-jacketed, white-aproned, and girded about with clean napkins, who might be a poet, but who is the dexterous pair of hands which the clever brain of Monsieur Blot animates.

Against the wall, and on a side table, and under that table, and about the range, but nowhere confusedly, are whole families of saucepans, tribes of pots, nations of pans, and races of porcelain kettles, sieves from infancy to well-developed maturity, boxes of all ages, spoons, pewter, wooden, plated, whose "infinite variety" rivals Cleopatra's, and a collection of knives, large and small, pointed and blunt, but all of a glittering keenness. The boxes, clearly labeled, contain spices, sugar, salt, rice and other appliances. Amidst the orderly disorder stands a crystal vase filled with gorgeous Autumn flowers.

A black-board between the windows announces the

BILL OF FARE.

Potage purée à la reine,	Sea bass, baked.
Fillet of beef, larded, with	Chicken <i>santi à la Marengo</i> ,
tomato sauce,	Stuffed tomatoes,
Cauliflower au gratin,	Choux à la crème.

The hour strikes. The brain nods intelligence to the hands which take up their labor. The Professor begins his instructions. To these votaries he has already explained his

theory of the art. There remains to be disclosed to them only the fine practices—to be exhibited the delicate results of his processes, which, he is certain, will reward their most serious attention.

Twelve note-books appear, and twelve pencils hover expectantly over the paper.

The soup, we discover, already exists in the embryo, for a French artist never allows his soup-kettle to leave the range, where it gently and contentedly simmers, ever ready to receive the awkward knuckles which must not disfigure the pretty side-dish, the marrowy bone whose unsightliness banishes its succulence from the platter, the trimmings of the shapely joint, the skimmings of the turbulent pot whence savory chickens or a tender leg of veal send forth appetizing prophecies.

Soup being incipient then, we are requested to consider the fillet, which must be treated first, as requiring longest baking. Upon the fillet we concentrate our gaze, and we learn that it weighs five pounds, that it is carefully cut, and trimmed, and, altogether, a credit to its bovine originator. Baking, Monsieur explains, is at best an ill substitute for roasting. The juices are dried, the meat is toughened. Nevertheless, he flatters himself, when the joint is dressed, and cooked as he advises, the injuries which the oven inflicts are in a measure overborne, and the wronged and royal beef "shall hae his ain again."

Pervaded with sympathy for the beef, and mentally heaping objurgations on the oven, we hang on the next words of the philanthropic Professor. The assistant under magnetic control, no words being spoken, slices a carrot, reduces an onion to impalpable grains of odor, adds salt and pepper, lays the larded beef in the pan upon this vegetable basis, pours a ladleful of broth over it, and sets it over the fire, where the liquid boils furiously, and the beef smokes. Monsieur explains that this sudden application of extreme heat slightly incrusts the meat, keeps the juices pent within, and makes it, therefore, nutritious, while basting it frequently with the broth keeps the surface tender.

We turn now to the tomatoes. One of the flashing knives describes an equatorial circle round eight polished, scarlet spheres, and they are hemispheres. The acidulous contents being scooped from the ruddy bowls into a shining saucepan, bread crumbs—which, in this skillful *ménage*, put on a hundred dainty and toothsome disguises—the delicatest spices, and a suspicion of onions rush together to form the stuffing which your new-born confidence in Monsieur Blot assures you will be excellent. And now it is time to turn the fillet still bubbling on the range.

Soup, beef, tomatoes being all under way, let us examine the cauliflower. Potatoes, explains Monsieur, being very expensive, we do not to-day cook them. American housewives cherish the potato, but at times it is extravagant and it is never indispensable. These tomatoes with their stuffing shall be found very good. The cauliflower, refined by our process of cooking, shall not remind you of its coarse family, the cabbage, and really, in this dinner, so admirable, there is no place for the potato. A contempt for that esculent forthwith possesses us, and we sigh over wasted postal currency ignorantly spent therefor.

Well then, cauliflower is boiled with a drop

of milk in the water to give it whiteness, and being boiled, a delicious dressing is poured around it—the basis of every sauce and every gravy being drawn from the inexhaustible and all-pervading soup-kettle. Then, a pale island in a sea of sauce, whose uneven summits are white with the inevitable bread-crums, it is lost in the yawning oven. Meanwhile the fillet is the third time turned, and if we had not seen it quietly inurned in the oven, we could never that it was turning on a spit, so positively, through its savory fumes, it declares itself a roast; and the tomato-juice, being quite done now, is whisked from the range, returned, apotheosized, to its native salts, bread-crums again, oven again, and we wait while hope becomes fruition.

Not idly though, for in some imperceptible atom of time between the ripe state of two dishes the nimble cook has found space to make the paste for his cream-cakes. A little flour, a little butter, a little water being gathered to their final saucepan, the master subdues them with a wooden spoon and the power of a giant. Eggs add themselves, apparently of their own volition, and the delicate compound is ready in the twinkling of an eye.

While the paste cools, the patient bass has his turn. Another knife, slender as the blades of Damascus, meanders down his right side, and makes sharp vertical incisions in the left, that the dressing may penetrate and flavor the fish. Then its sauce—broth, of course—with magical spicery, and the plump bass follows the fillet, and becomes a memory.

And now the chicken *santi*. Two small fowls are dissected in a breath. The fine plump pieces for the waiting saucepan, the scraggy bits for the expectant soup-kettle. *Santi*, explains Sir Oracle, is not *fry*. Frying can be made palatable, and not unhealthy; but frying as practiced in most American kitchens, disengages the fatty acids, toughens the meat, and produces a disgusting and indigestible result. Look, now, the chicken is placed in this pan already heated, an atom of butter is added that the bits may not burn to the dish, and the well-meaning fowl develops his tenderest possibilities. Beef-steak cooked in this way will be found excellent.

While the chicken simmers the cream-cakes are baking, the tomato sauce is prepared. Then the lid of the soup-kettle is lifted, and out comes a venerable fowl whose presence we had not suspected. This chicken, explains the tutor, was old and tough, and therefore cheaper. But by long and skillful boiling, being at first only allowed to simmer, that the juices might be given out, it will be found entirely tender. The soup is already *flavored*; we will take a bit of the white meat, which, chopped very fine, shall give richness to the broth, and to-morrow the contingent remainder of the chicken shall re-appear in a delicious *salmi*, called of the vulgar *hash*. And now, continues Monsieur, we have but to take up this little dinner, so easily prepared, and taste if it be not excellent.

Dinner ready, we inaudibly murmur in amazement. Why, Jean Cook has but frolicked with the saucepans, and coquettled with the oven, and played fantastic tricks with the meat and vegetables. At home, dinner is the tyrannical, the overshadowing event of the day, and here it is a charming pastime. This is not cooking. This is bewitching chemistry.

This is the engaging sport of two idle hours. And the dishes are not real, but odorous tricks of fancy.

Nevertheless they are real, and most toothsome. For, being delicately served in their order, we taste, and taste again. No watery soup, no stringy beef, no tasteless fish, no ill-done vegetables, no vulgar spices and over-flavored compounds. But Jove and his court might sit at this board, and count the Olympian house-keeping a coarse mistake.

And yet these materials are daily in our kitchens; daily pass under eye of mistress and hand of cook, and have no such admirable account to render of themselves, because neither mistress nor cook knows how to evoke the latent capacities of each. And then the fine economy of this *ménage*! A grain of rice, superfluous here, fills its exact place there; a bone, impertinent in this dish, is a necessity in that; a scrap of stale bread is translated into celestial uses; a bit of suet rising on the kettle must be kept as religiously as the Decalogue. And the fire which bakes must stew, and not only stew, but broil; and not content with broiling, be forced to boil; and not yet fulfilling its possibilities, must steam as well, and heat the flat-irons also. Neither may the cook wait idly for hither stew-pan to bubble and further pot to boil. The nimble hands of this wise alchemist tend crucible and alembic and retort, each in its turn, and just at the moment the fine gold of this most excellent dinner is fused in each.

Bad food is poisoning us as a nation. We ourselves, who have bought seventeen cookery books in seven years, walk from dyspeptic bread and leathery steak to our desk and our duty. American wives cannot make calls, and entertain visitors, and retain the three languages they learned at school, and keep up their music, and look after the babies, and do the family sewing, and read *THE TRIBUNE* daily, and cook beside: simply because there are but twenty-four hours in their day, and no elastic management will stretch them into twenty-eight or sixty-eight, which would not be too many for the drafts they are expected to honor. The legs of the cooking-stove have crushed out fairer lives and gayer hopes than the wheels of Juggernaut. Our matrons, who should be smiling, celestial rosy-red, are weary and pallid, and find housekeeping a misery and a failure. We do not exhort them to the labor of one instant more. But their quick brains and clear executive power are quite adequate to the ordering of a well regulated kitchen were a few hints given them. All the boys in Scotland saw the tea-kettle boil, but only Watt condensed the vapor into a steam-engine from which a hundred thousand mechanics caught hints and earned their bread. Only Monsieur Blot finds the kitchen an inspiration, and the flour barrel an unpublished poem. He sighs that the gods have not made it poetical as well—but he can appeal to our harder natures, and teach us to reduce our tyrants to vassalage, and force obedient and ready service from them.

Dear Angelina, go to No. 896 Broadway, and exchange \$10 for wisdom wiser than Solon's; which shall more adorn you than the *point appliquée* collar which you resign; which shall more enhance your rich complexion than the pretty vail for which you sigh. You and Edwin shall no longer board, but have a shilling

home, and a table so well-ordered that he may impetuously invite to dinner his cousin, the Hon. Senator from New Mexico, suddenly arrived in town, and raise no blush upon your cheek, and no agitation in your tranquil bosom.

"Ah," but you say, while your blue eyes brighten at this charming picture, "if I knew more than Brillat-Savarin, and had edited the *Almanach Gastronomique* like Monsieur Blot, could I hope to make my exiled Bridget comprehend my fine instructions? And I must have that Island wanderer, or nobody."

Angelina,

"There's the rub!
* * * There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life."

We never pass a slop-shop where haggard women come bearing huge bales of underpaid sewing; we do not see the pinched toy-workers and dolls' dressmakers; we never observe the little stores whose windows declare, "Ladies' linen made here;" we do not note pallid lines of weary girls, pining for fresh air behind crowded counters, without wishing that they would help us at our need—they or their sisters-in-lot—and cook our abundant dinners for excellent pay, rather than buy their own meagre ones for half their wages. They will do it exactly when, in addition to the money, we offer them that absolute and hearty respect which *ability* demands—whether it be ability to cook, or to build the Vatican.

Till that day, patient Angelina, try to graft Yankee ideas on a Celtic stem. One in a hundred will flourish. Meanwhile, go you to Monsieur Blot, and know that for every lesson you add something to the "daily beauty" of your life. For right housekeeping ceases to be a paltry thing when you remember that without it no perfect home can be; and cooking is no longer a common drudgery when you think that its fine chemistry keeps Edwin in the body, that he may the longer adore you. So persevere, even if you come from the Cooking Academy day after day with Portia's half-sad, half-merry wisdom on your lips. "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces."

(From Dickens' *All the Year Round*.)

MEDIUMS UNDER OTHER NAMES.

(Concluded.)

We must rank amongst the more legitimate jugglers the rope-dancers and tumblers of old times. In Elizabeth's reign they all went together, classed with "ruffians, blasphemers, thieves, vagabonds, heretics, Jews, pagans, and sorcerers": yet the old lioness liked looking at them well enough; and in Lancham's description of the Sports of Kenilworth, he speaks of "a man so slight that he doubted if he was a man or a spirit," and could not tell what to make of him; save that he might guess his back to be "metalled like a lamprey, that has no bone, but a line like a lutestring." Before then, Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole, reviewing the royal pensioners in Greenwich Park, laughed heartily at the "pretty feats" of a

tumbler; as generations agone Edward the Second had laughed, who was signally amused by a fellow who fell off his horse, and vanquished on his back again, as quick as you might see.

Froissart speaks of a marvellous bit of rope-dancing, quite as good as Blondin's, if not better, on the occasion of the entry of Isabel of Bavaria into Paris. "There was a master came out of Geane; he had tied a corde upon the hyghest house on the brydge of St. Michell over all the houses, and the other corde was tyed to the hyghest tower of Our Ladye's churche; and as the quene passed by, and was in the great strete; bycause it was late, this said Mayster, with two brinnyng candelles in his handes, issued out of a littel stage that he had made on the heught of Our Ladye's tower, synginge as he went upon the corde all al-aug the great strete, so that all that sawe him hadde marvayle how it might be; and he bore still in hys handes the two brinnyng candelles so that he myght be well sene all over Parys, and two myles without the city. He was such a tumbler that his lightnesse was greatly praised."

Another rope dancer in Edward the Sixth's time excited great wonder here in London. He stretched a rope as thick as a ship's cable, from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple down to the floor before the house of the Dean of St. Paul's, where he fastened it with an anchor; and down this rope he came, "his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope, from the battlements to the ground, as it had been an arrow from the bow, and stayed on the ground." Then he went to the king and kissed his foot, and then swarmed up the rope again, halting midway to play "certain mysteries," as casting one leg from the other, and tumbling and dancing on the rope. Then he tied himself to the cable by his right leg, "a little beneath the wrist of the foot," and hung by that leg a long while; then played more mysteries; and so up the rope again to safety and the high steeple of St. Paul's.

Very clever, too, were the egg-dancers ("hoppesters" in Chaucer's time), and the sword-dancers, and the vaulters, and the entortillationists. At the end of the last century there was a magnificent vaulter, an Irishman, over six feet in height, admirably made, and only eighteen years old: he could jump over nine horses standing side by side, with a man seated on the middle one; he could jump over a garter held fourteen feet high, and kick a bladder at sixteen feet; and at his own benefit he leaped over a machine like a broad-wheeled wagon with a tilt. He had no spring-board, and jumped from an inclined plane of three feet. Strutt saw him, and examined his starting-place. Poor fellow! He sprained the tendon of his heel at last, so his fine vaulting got a little damaged. Joseph Clark, who lived under Charles the Second, and died in King William's reign—a tall, thin, well-made man—was one of the great entortillationists of the past. He could make himself up into all manner of humps and deformities and dislocate his backbone in the most shocking manner; plaguing the tailors to death by going to them as a slender well conditioned man, and receiving his clothes as a crabbed and crooked old humpback, with humps sticking out all over his person, and not a joint in its proper place. Then there was Powel the fire-

eater, whom Strutt saw eating burning coals brought from the fire, and putting a lighted match into his mouth, blowing the sulphur through his nostrils. He also carried a red-hot heater round the room in his teeth, and he, as Richardson had done before him, broiled a piece of beefsteak on his tongue. While the meat was broiling, one of his assistants blew the charcoal that lay under his tongue, to prevent the heat from decreasing, and in a short time the beef was thoroughly cooked, and not too much gravy remaining. By way of a conclusion, he made a composition of pitch, brimstone, and other combustibles, adding a small piece of lead; he then melted it all in an iron ladle and set it on fire. This was his "soup," and he spooned it out of the ladle with an iron spoon, and ate it, boiling and blazing as it was. Another worthy ate stones and cracked them, or was said to do so, and appeared to do so; he probably juggled them away instead.

Then Clench, a Barnet man, was a wonderful imitator of all things, living and dead. He was in Queen Anne's time, and imitated horses, huntsmen, and a pack of hounds, all at once; he was great in drunken men and shrill old women, but greatest of all in bells, flutes, the double cantrell, and an organ with three voices. He had a rival, one Rossignol, the foreshadowing of Herr Joel, who sang all the notes of all the birds, and played on a stringless violin, making the music with his mouth. But some of the more curious found out that he had a small instrument concealed within his lips when he did this, so his trick lost value. Taught animals—dancing bears, learned pigs, the "ball of little dogs," which personated fine ladies and their beaux so wonderfully well, canaries that made themselves into grenadiers, and shot the deserter canary at the word of command (this was at Breslaw's), clever horses that could do every thing but talk, a rope-dancing ape as good as human—all these came into the juggling department; so did that brave little girl at Flockton's, "a noted but clumsy juggler," who appeared on the stage with four naked swords, two in each hand, with which she danced with incredible swiftness and dexterity; turning the weapons now out, now in, sometimes thrusting them into her bosom, sometimes holding them over her head, then dashing them down by her side, at last stopping suddenly after ten or fifteen minutes of this perilous work, apparently never a bit the worse. Sword-dancing was more common once, than it is now. Even a child of eight danced among the points of swords and spears at Bartholomew Fair in Queen Anne's time. And one of the Sadler's Wells company said that all who went to his place should see "a young woman dance with the sword, and upon a ladder, surpassing all her sex."

One of the most wonderful (if true) bits of jugglery that I have met with is to be found in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of 1835, from a manuscript of D. D. Mitchell, Esq., and purporting to be an account of what the Arickara Indians can do in that way. In 1831, Mr. Mitchell and some friends, travelling up the Missouri, lost their horses near an Arickara village. Now the Arickaras, says Mr. Mitchell, are about the worst set of red men going, with all the vices and none of the virtues of their race; but they don't murder

those whites who throw themselves on their hospitality: the reason being, that they once murdered a white man, and his ghost haunted their village ever afterwards, and frightened away the buffaloes. The travellers therefore took lodgings in the village itself, and the tribe all turned out to do them honor. And one of their ways of doing them honor was to show them what their band of "bears," or "medicine-men," could do.

In a wigwam sat, in a circle, six men dressed as bears; the spectators standing round them, and the white men being given the best and nearest places. For a few moments the bears kept a mournful silence, then they bade a young brave go to a certain part of the riverside, and bring them a handful of stiff clay. The clay was brought, and the bears set to work to mould it into certain forms—buffaloes, men, and horses, bows and arrows—nine of each kind, as by the true bear recipe. They then placed all the buffaloes in a line, and set the clay hunters on the clay horses, with their bows and straw arrows in their hands. They were about three feet distant from the game, and in parallel lines. When marshalled, the elder bear said: "My children, I know that you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves to-day! Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white persons present, who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! Don't you see that the buffaloes have already got the scent of you, and have started?" At the word all the buffaloes started off at full speed, and the men after them, shooting their straw arrows from their clay bows, so that the buffaloes fell down as if dead; but two of them ran round the whole circumference of the circle, about fifteen or twenty feet, and one received three and the other five arrows before they fell over and died decently, as clay buffaloes should. They always kept apart at the distance of three feet, at which they were originally placed. When the buffaloes were dead, said the bear to the hunters, "Ride into the fires": a small fire having been made expressly for the experiment, in the centre of the hut. They set off as before, but stopped at the edge of the fire. Said the bear angrily: "Why don't you ride in?" and then the riders beat their horses with their clay bows, and so they rode into the flames, and fell down, and were baked to powder. Then, the bears took the powder from the floor, and cast it abroad to the four winds of heaven, at the top of the lodge. Which may be taken on the whole as a very pretty bit of jugglery indeed.

There are some capital anecdotes of sleight of hand in the last new book on the subject put forth—the *Memoirs* by M. Robert-Houdin, Conjuror, Mechanician, and Ambassador. But almost the best of all, as an instance of clever scheming and neat prestidigitation, is that anecdote of how Torrini juggled the Cardinal's unique and priceless Breguet watch into the Pope's holy pocket, after having first stamped it to pieces and brayed it to gold dust in a mortar—that valuable watch about which there could be no mistake or delusion, for there was not such another to be had anywhere. Yet Torrini had caused its fellow to be made expressly for this experiment; which shows at least what these juggling men will do when the humor takes them. Much, too, is said in that volume of the aid and assistance

given to juggling by ventriloquism; and much of the clever automata, both the tricky and the legitimate, which have helped to bewilder men's minds, and disturb the relations between the real and the false.

There was Vaucanson's flute-player, copied from Coysvoix's marble statue of the faun, which was of the true or legitimate kind; there was his mechanical duck, which, though marvellously clever, was of the tricky or juggling order—the said duck not performing all that it undertook to do, but deceiving folk's eyes by a crafty substitution and admirable pretence. Then, there was his famous loom on which a donkey worked cloth; made in revenge for the bad treatment of the Lyons weavers, who had stoned him because he wanted to simplify the ordinary loom) at the present day the weaving wonder is Bonelli's loom, worked by electricity); then, there was his asp which fastened on the actress's bosom with a hiss and a spring, sickeningly real; likewise, his endless chain, at which he was working when he died. Then, there was the Prussian Koppen's musical instrument, the Componium exhibited in 1829, which Componium was a mechanical orchestra, all kettle-drums and big drums and little drums, tambourines and fifes and flutes, triangles and cymbals, and what not; and there was the chain of rings all enclosed in each other, which, if you blew upon, though never so lightly, fell to pieces of its own accord, to the astonishment of all beholders. Then, there were the rhyming automaton, and the speaking automaton which got to the length of real sentences, and might, perhaps, with faith and patience, have at last been brought to intelligent conversation—who knows? And by-the-by, that speaking automaton was the most ingenious of all, but susceptible of great improvement, owing to certain quite modern mechanical and scientific advancement; and there was Robert-Houdin's own automaton, that drew so ominously—for the pencil broke in the act of tracing the figure of a crown for his dispossessed heirship, the Count of Paris. Will the count ever fulfill the old king's remark, and, "as he has learned to draw, finish the crown for himself?"

Houdin's system of second sight, too, was as clever as it was bold. The trick exists now, as any one may see who chooses to pay M. Robin an evening visit at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and hear Madame detail the things held in his hand, one after another, and always accurately, according to the preconcerted system of verbal signs. (M. Robin's is a very admirable entertainment, and he is an excellent conjuror, who to surprising dexterity of hand and eye, unites a very prepossessing appearance and address.) How clever, too, was that handkerchief trick at St. Cloud!—how apparently without preparation, and only due to the inspiration of the moment!—what spiritualist Mediums could do anything half so striking?

At that séance at Saint Cloud, in 1846, Robert-Houdin surpassed himself. Borrowing six pocket-handkerchiefs from the "illustrious" company, he desired several persons to write on cards the names of places whether they desired the pocket-handkerchiefs to be transported. Of the mass written, Houdin desired the king to elect three; on one was written, "On the dome of the Invalides;" on

another, "Under the candelabra on the chimney-piece;" on the third, "In the last orange-box of the avenue." The first was too distant, the second too easy, the third was the right one. Yes, in the last orange-box of the avenue, well under the roots of the tree.

Immediately messengers were sent off by the king to see that no one played tricks with the chest, and then the royal servant was commanded to go and open the side of the orange-tree box, and see what he could find. And there, sure enough, he found an old rusty iron casket, quite under the roots of the tree, which casket he brought to the king, no one touching it by the way. Then Houdin lifted up the bell of opaque glass under which he had put his packet of handkerchiefs, and, lo! they were gone, while in their stead was a pretty little white dove, with a rusty old key fastened to a ribbon round its neck. The king took the key, opened the casket, saw first a paper or bit of parchment with some nonsense on it by Cagliostro, then a paper parcel sealed with Cagliostro's seal. This paper parcel he untied, unsealed, and opened; and behold the pocket-handkerchiefs borrowed not half an hour before!

Now, how came they there? It was jugglery, but mighty pretty jugglery, and very much out of the common, as people say. Then the Duchess of Orleans brought a green case, which was not to be opened, and the contents of which Emile, by virtue of his second sight, was to reveal. Of course Houdin opened it with a rapid, unseen gesture, gave the password to Emile, and received, as the reward of his dexterity, the diamond pin, with its stone surrounded by a garter of sky-blue enamel, which was its enclosure.

It was Houdin, too, who, at the time when magnetic trances and cataleptic phenomena were at their height, invented the trick which it pleased him to call "Ethereal Suspension," wherein he knocked off, one by one, the frail supports on which he had placed his youngest son, and left him seated on nothing, apparently suspended in the air in a state of cataleptic trance—a sight which never failed to bring down on the juggler's good-looking head, a storm of maternal indignation, and a shower of two-penny post letters, threatening prosecution and the police. And it was Houdin who improved on Philippe's trick of producing five or six huge glass bowls, with live gold-fish swimming about, from nothing but an empty shawl wrapped round his body.

What are the luminous hands in the carefully darkened room, or under the carefully covered table, to this, or to the heap of feathers brought out of the hat of an unoffending spectator—feathers in such quantities that they cover up a boy kneeling on the stage? Look at the tin cases flung out of that hat—enough to set up a tinman's shop; at the bouquets of flowers—a whole Covent Garden Market full; at the toys, the pigeons, rabbits, and ducks—all tossed out of a single black hat! Our mediums are bunglers. An ordinary fair-day conjurer could beat the best of them.

What can the Arab jugglers do? They are noted men in their trade, and are not unfrequently quoted by the superstitious as possessing more knowledge than is good for them, and as having a more intimate connection with the Powers of Darkness than they choose

to own. They eat glass and nails and thorns and thistles (the great prickly leaves of the cactus one of their grand feats): and they strike their arms, and the flesh opens and bleeds, and they strike again and the flesh closes and the blood ceases; they leap on the edge of sabres and don't cut their feet; they walk upon red-hot irons, and don't burn their feet; they lie all along sharp sabres; and they eat snakes and scorpions; and all this they do accompanied with frantic gestures and mad excitement, so that the grain of jugglery bears a treble harvest of credulity, and the senses of the spectators are confused. It does not belong to this present paper to explain, by Houdin's method, all the arts and manœuvres of these mad Arab Marabouts; but it is enough to say that they are all to be reduced to simple juggling tricks, or the crafty application of some not commonly understood chemical and mechanical secrets. So far as we have gone yet, we have come to nothing miraculous or inexplicable anywhere. Quite the contrary.

The most apparently miraculous things are all getting explained away, one by one, even to the cardboard stomach of the self-sabrer, who, when he seemed to pass the sword right through his abdomen—for was there not the blood to testify? and was he not a lean man, and with no superfluity of abdominal muscles? was yet found to have done nothing more wonderful than pass it through a leather scabbard led across a cardboard front, in which was a small sponge filled with blood; the real abdomen being all the while comfortably (or uncomfortably) braced up against the spine, and in no danger of anything save inflammation from over-pressure. This was a very clever trick, possible only to an extremely lean person like the self-sabrer—the invulnerable, as he was called. Sometimes, indeed, physical peculiarities aid a man in performing unique tricks; that is, tricks possible only to himself, and the few exceptionals like himself. Like the sabre-swallowers with his enormous gullet, which could take in an egg and gulp it down, without cracking it; or like the pug-nosed invulnerable before mentioned, who, while tricking the public with a juggle, performed a real feat when he thrust knives up his nostrils without hurting himself, because his nostrils were so wide and flexible. These cases are rare, but when they do occur they are never inexplicable or out of nature, as the credulous would have us believe.

Yet, with all the evidence before them of the cleverness of jugglers, and the dexterity with which deft of hand can deceive the wisest—with all the mass of evidence of frauds which have been discovered, both pious and impious—people go on believing in miracles, and the "possession" by unseen spirits of carnal-looking mediums. Why, the latest miracle of all, is the old stigmata medium; the medium with the large white-skinned arm on which the spirits scrawl blood-red letters in a very bad hand, and looking marvellously like an earthly scratch with a material pencil! This flesh-writing is of no recent date. The Oxford Council of 1222 crucified two "naughty fellows" at Arborberie for feigning the stigmata; but St. Francis of Assissi was canonized for his fraud two years later—as a compensation, probably.

The Dominicans who got caught in false

flesh-writing tricks at Berne, and Maria da Visitaciam who disgraced herself in the same way at Lisbon, brought the fashion into temporary disrepute for a long long time, until lo! it starts up again in the Irish revivalist who had "Jesus" written over her stomach, and in the medium who bares his arm to show a scrawling "John" scratched there. What believer in the power of revivals would doubt the heavenly handwriting of the one (never mind the spelling); and what enthusiast in the cause of mediumship and spiritualism would question the ghostly origin of the other? O! how strange it is, that with the collective knowledge and advancement of the ages for his guidance, a sane man can witness the marvellous dexterity of a modern juggler who confesses that all he does is by fraud of sense and mechanical combination, and can then accept the "spiritualism" of a bungler, who cannot speak tolerable English, and whose perpetually-failing tricks are of the lowest and most explainable order of legerdemain known.

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